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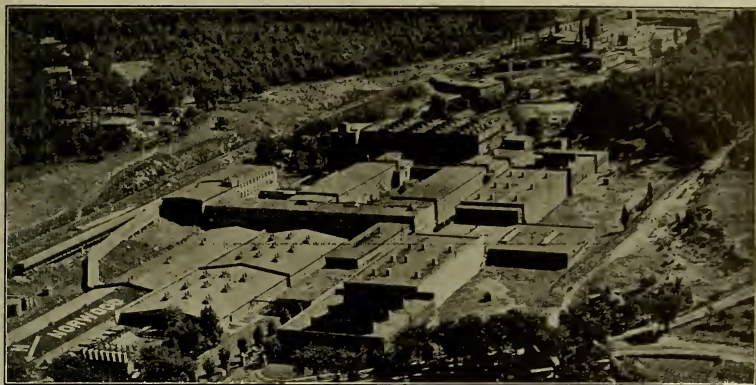
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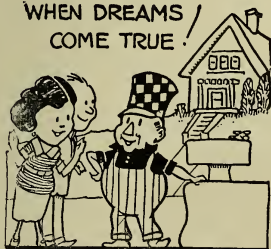
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The Arguenot

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NO. 1

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Editor's Notes

The co-operation of the faculty and students is necessary in making any school activity successful.

Each preceding year the Arguenot has sent out a call for co-operation, and each year that call has been received with a general response. We hope that this year will prove no exception, and that the faculty and students will be willing to join with the staff in endeavoring to make the Arguenot as outstanding as it has been in past years.

To represent a large proportion of

the student body in the magazine is our aim. To accomplish this, it is necessary that each student contribute whatever sort of work he is capable of doing. All material is received with the same consideration, and no partiality is shown.

In closing we repeat the statement, that we sincerely hope that in beginning this year's work, we can set out with the feeling that the entire student-body is working and co-operating with us.

The Editor

Old Ironsides

Old Ironsides! There she was, that gallant old ship with a past! How graceful she seemed with her sturdy spars and cobwebby rigging sharply outlined against the blue of a summer sky. How out of place she seemed beside those denizens of the sea of a later age! And yet—she was a part of it all—part of our history,—who knows what we might be if it had not been for her?

To go below, one descends by means of a steep but highly polished ladder. (The varnish apologizes for the steepness, you see!) Here are arranged the staterooms of the men, all nicely varnished inside, and with now-old furniture. Above each door is tacked a metal plate bearing the owner's rank,—if any. Some had narrow bunks, so shallow, I don't see how any child, much less a man could sleep in one,

let alone get into it. From their look, many a sturdy sailor has received a hardy thwack on his cranium.

The ship was lighted with lights from its own power plant, but here and there along the walls the old lanterns were hung. There was the "guard house," a tiny, dark, closet-like room, outside of which were displayed the instruments of torture or restraint, such as heavy shackles, leg irons, barbed "cat o' nine tails," and other highly interesting but gruesome pieces.

The galley had a sink, some great wooden bowls, iron kettles which, in their time, were used to be filled with cold water and heated by hot cannon-balls, a table, and some heavy dishes. The originals had been lost, and these were pieces either given or loaned to the ship.

The hold was most interesting. The cannon—not the ones used in the battles but some very like them—stared grimly out the square portholes. The for'ard portholes on either side were empty of cannon, therefore close inspection was easy. I leaned on the wide sill, if sill it could be called, and gazed

across the oily water of the harbour to the further shore. Some thing, I don't remember what, caused me to draw in my head in the manner of a turtle. I glanced at the sill where I had been leaning. Instead of spotless, gleaming white paint was the original dingy color. I made out some ancient brown spots spattered plentifully about. Had they been only the rust drip-dripping from the rumbling anchor chain, or had another leaned out for a clearer view through the smoke of battle and left the signature of his loyalty to his country emblazoned there for all who cared to see? Who knows? Perhaps spectral eyes gazed upon me now, I who had desecrated it by calmly leaning out to admire the view!

I rushed from there, disgusted, up through the crowd of people thronging about, up to the open deck amongst the countless ropes, and breathed deeply of the salt air. Then, mentally, I shook myself, called myself a fool to let my imagination run away with me, but nevertheless, those thoughts at the for'ard porthole remain my strongest impression of Old Ironsides.

Alice Bentley, '32

Night and Morning

The sun has gone behind the hills;
'Tis night again;
And darkness creeps from out the
woods,
The earth to reign.

A cricket's chirp now fills the air
With sounds so queer;
And now again the earth is still
And all is drear.

The hours pass. The morn has come—
The night must go.
The air is filled with morning winds,
Which gently blow.

John W. Anderson, '32

Life Is Like That

No bonfires illuminated the campus of Wexford on the night of June 11, 1930. No happy shouts of victorious laughter broke out through the cool spring night. A dome of silver sky rose above the elm shaded walks. The air, now turned cool, was softened by a mist, and everything seemed pallid and saddened, by both the fog and the events of the day. All the boys had gone to Andy's place to drown their sorrows in his best beer.

"And," mused Eddie Gibbs as he nibbled on a pretzel, "it's all my fault."

The opportunity he had been waiting for all his life, and to think it should end like this! His father, one of the greatest baseball prospects ever to enter Wexford, and who had sustained a wrist injury in football which had put an end to his pitching days, had pinned all his deferred hopes on his son. And now these hopes were scattered so, by this calamity.

It was not one of those minor mis-cues of sport which have nominated so many sundry hopefuls for oblivion. No indeed, his name would go ringing down the corridors of time in the same breath as Fred Merkle of the New York Giants, who had forgotten to touch second base in the crucial game of a world series, and with Roy Riegals, the unfortunate centre-rush of Southern California, who, on intercepting a forward pass, had run the wrong way and made a touchdown for his opponents.

The stereotyped condolences of his friends seemed only to add to his gloom. How sorry his father would be for him, he thought, as in his mind, he went over the events of the day. In the

first place, the day was too hot for playing ball comfortably, it being of the type that blaring newspaper headlines describe as "Hottest Day in Fifty Years."

Perhaps that accounted for his temporary fit of absent-mindedness. It seemed to grow hotter as the game progressed, and in the seventh inning occurred — — —

Eddie's first error of the season. But it was of no account as that batter had "died" on second, being forced into a double play, from Eddie the short-stop to second to first. Eddie atoning for his previous error by a brilliant one hand stop.

"Well, that error's out of my system," as, at the end of the inning, he chucked his glove out on the grass in back of him in short left field and trotted in to the bench, "and we've got one-run lead and are all set."

But ah! the falsity of those words, as later events proved. The fates or the Parcae must have overlooked him and pulled the strings to make him a liar.

The next inning, the eighth, began disastrously. The first man-up poled out a long triple, but the next man proved to be a routine out, grounding to Eddie, with the man on third holding his base. But the next two men up were passed. The next man up slapped a fast grass-cutter at our hero, who, with customary grace and sangfroid, threw to the catcher who easily tagged out the runner coming from third. But the tenseness of the situation was but slightly relieved, there still being three men on base and two out. And then came the climax; but dressed certainly

in a guise other than that of a climax. The next batter was weak and little-to-be feared, sporting the anemic batting average of 270.

"I guess," said Ed, as he relaxed with confidence, "that this is the beginning of the end."

He was made even more confident, when on the next pitch, the batter swung his best effort being a slow, easy grounder to Eddie. The runners on third and second ambled home, both hoping against hope that Eddie would muff it.

"Nothing of the kind, these are easy," he said, as he tenderly gathered the slow-rolling sphere to himself in his big hands. Then he pro-

ceeded to do something he had never been taught at home. He slipped off his glove and quickly snapped it towards first, meanwhile tossing the ball easily over his shoulder to the customary resting place of the glove in short left-field. The mingled hoots, laughter, groans and wise cracks from the stands brought him quickly to the realization of what he had done. Two all important runs had crossed the plate before the ball was returned. Eddie never knew how he lived through that last inning.

"And that," muttered Gibbs of Wexford, "is why I'm killing my seventh quart of beer tonight."

Anthony O'Donnell, '32

Sea in Summer

The azure of the summer sky
Is flecked with clouds of fleecy white,
And from a distance seems to meet
The calm translucent sea.
Now on the shore the wavelets dance,
And sparkle 'neath the sun's bright
rays.

Louise Callahan, '32

The Enchanted Lake

This is the lake that enchanted lies
With its mysterious charm which never
dies;

And the giant pines like sentinels
stand

To guard its shore from marauding
band.

Blushing roses crowd its edge
As if they had made a lasting pledge
To prick each intruder who tried to
pass

And disturb the lake of green-blue
glass.

The soft, south wind whispers and coos
To the modest violets of so many hues,
And croons a lullaby, when fades the
light,

To the beautiful Lake which says,
"Good night."

Anne Sündgren, '33

Is All Fair in Love and War?

Jan Burke sat thinking. Her usually unruffled brow was puckered up in a truly weird fashion. If she were given to melodramatics, she would be pacing the floor and tearing her hair. But Jan Burke was not given to melodramatics; she wasn't that sort. She was one of those unfortunate individuals who suffer in silence. Jan wasn't actually suffering physically; but she was tormented by that age-old tormentor, jealousy. Not that she would admit it! Oh no! It was just righteous indignation at the usurpation of her rights. Her thoughts now were centered on a certain beautiful blonde, Geraldine Carter, voted the prettiest and most popular girl on the campus. Geraldine with the hateful blonde hair, Geraldine with the spiteful, beautifully shaped mouth, Geraldine with the haughty blue eyes, Geraldine with the mocking, silvery laughter! How Jan hated her!

"Queer," she mused, "how it is always Geraldine who blocks my path. Queer how we are destined to be rivals again and again." This was only too true. Jan, Editor of the College paper and President of the Women's A. A., was outstanding both in the classroom and out. Geraldine, possessor of brains as well as beauty, reigned supreme in the social life of the college. It was inevitable that they should clash. Significant, indeed, was their first meeting on the first day of college, when Jan, struggling with her numerous bags and suitcases, unceremoniously bumped into the fair Geraldine who had angrily called her a bungling idiot as well as many other epithets of equally expressive nature before an amused, hilarious crowd of students. From then on it had been war.

Now had come the last straw in the form of Al Benson, tall, dark, and handsome. The year before, Jan and Al had been inseparable companions, but this year it was different. Al, now a member of the varsity football team, had attracted the attention of Geraldine. Now it was Geraldine and Al who were inseparable.

Dejectedly, Jan stared into the mirror. What chance had she anyhow with a face like that? She groaned inwardly. What could one do with ordinary brown hair, greenish-blue eyes, and such healthy, outdoor complexion? Well, why shouldn't Al prefer Geraldine's golden beauty? Desperately, she bit her lip to keep back the rush of hot tears.

"I don't know why I love you like I do!" With the latest song hit on her lips, Anne Kimball burst into the room she shared with Jan. Seeing the usually gay Jan in such a disconsolate mood, she stopped abruptly. "What's up?"

"Oh nothing."

"Say, listen, if you let that addlepated Geraldine get away with Al Benson, you're no friend o' mine, Jan Burke."

"No, I'm not," Jan flared up in sudden determination. "I'm going to that dance tonight. And how!" Grabbing her polo coat, she rushed out slamming the door behind her.

Twenty minutes later she was back, eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed. "Anne, I guess I'll accept that offer of yours and wear the red velvet tonight, if you don't mind."

"Mind! Why my de-ar. I'm tickled to death. Haven't I always said you'll look simply stunning in it?"

"And, incidentally, in case you'd

like to know," Jan concluded, "my escort for the evening will be no other than John Oakes Oakesley Bander-ville, the 3rd, the one and only multi-millionaire on this campus."

Ten o'clock that evening ushered in Jan, fascinating in Castilian red velvet, escorted by a handsome, well dressed young man. The stag line educated to the fairy-like winsomeness of "Queen" Geraldine looked, gasped, and, with one accord, took a left face in Jan's direction. Lucky was the fellow who danced more than five or six steps with her this evening. Jan's eyes forgot to search out Al. She was immersed in a great sea of tuxedos, stiff fronts, admiring glances, and compliments. Thus, she was surprised to find herself swept along the shining floor by no other than Al Benson, looking his handsomest in evening clothes.

"Jan, you look wonderful tonight."

"Honest Jan, I mean it. There's not another girl on the floor that can touch your style."

"Listen, Jan, I want to ask you - - -"
"Sorry, Al." (Jack Winters had cut in.)

A few minutes later, Al was back.
"Jan, you're a knock out."

"Really?" asked Jan coolly. "You flatter me, sir." Jan was surprised at her own laconicism. She could not understand her sudden lack of interest.

"This place is dead. I'll get Joe's roadster and we'll go over to "Shelley's. How about it?"

Jan threw a glance at Geraldine who was trying to appear gay and vivacious to a group of admirers. She knew instinctively that Geraldine's eyes were following them jealously. Here was her chance to atone for all past insults and injuries. To be left flat for Jan would be a terrible blow to Geraldine. This was what Jan had been striving for. "All's Fair in Love and War." That had been Geraldine's code, and yet - -

"Sorry o' boy. Not tonight, thanks."

Helen Barr, '32

Thoughts at Eventide

One evening just at sunset

When the world was a ball of gold;

I stood upon a mountain

All alone and feeling old.

The sun was slowly sinking,

And I watched it with a sigh;

I knew I'd soon be traveling

To the Master who rules on high.

Dorothy Acton, '32

Twilight

When the shadows of evening are
falling,

And the sun is setting low,

The night birds start their calling

So soft and sweet and slow.

One wonders what they are saying

In that queer language of theirs

Perhaps they talk of playing

And of freedom from their cares.

Elizabeth Costello, '33

What Price Heroism?

"Ah! my proud beauty, I have you at least. No more will you flit before my eyes like a drunken butterfly, taunting me with your beauty and fleeing from my grasp. I, James Devilsharp, will claim you. You are mine—mine—all mine!"

"You beast! Don't you dare touch me. I, Julia Whitestone, love only one man and you are not he. I love William Strongheart and if he catches you, you will receive the beating of your life.

"You are right, Julia; no sooner said than done! Devilsharp, take that—thud! and that—thud! I, Bill Strongheart, have taught you a lesson."

"William, my hero!"

"Julia, my beloved!"

* * * * *

This, ladies and gentlemen, brings to a conclusion the third and final act of tonight's drama, entitled "Love Will Survive." This drama, tonight is only one of the many thrilling episodes which come to you every Thursday evening through the courtesy of the Blackwell Coal Company. We invite you to tune in again to station WLP next Thursday evening at this same hour for another thrilling playlet.

* * * * *

Elton Stockbridge, the third, crossed the room hurriedly and snapped off the radio with a jerk.

"Of all the rotten trash that they have on the radio these days, this surely takes the cake," he muttered bitterly. "Why, a fellow can hardly breathe nowadays without inhaling a lot of hot air about these heroes, who either rescue women from some terrible danger or else beat up, single-handed, a band of gangsters. The newspapers are full of

it! The theatres and the moving pictures are flooded with it, and personally I'm sick of it."

Elton threw himself with a sigh of disgust into a comfortable armchair, where he commenced to surround himself with a blue haze of cigarette smoke.

While Elton is thus occupied, let us glance around and learn more of such and interesting young man. Elton Wakefield Stockbridge was a typical American youth: one of those fellows who, having recently been graduated from college, has the idea that he knows something. He was at that time studying business ethics at a small school in Brooklyn, N. Y. Because his father was fairly well-to-do, Elton lived on a substantial allowance, renting a single room in a fairly respectable tenement district on Sixty-ninth Street. The room was well furnished, in fact it was crowded with furniture and had all the atmosphere of a college dormitory. But, let us go back to Elton, as he sits frowning considering life.

"I don't believe that there is such a thing as a hero. In fact,—"

Elton got no further. He closed his mouth with a gulp, as he heard a cry for help come floating through his open window to penetrate his brain with its terrifying significance.

Elton ran swiftly to the window and looked out. The peacefulness and serenity of the night was the first thing that he noticed, but as he raised his eyes, across the roof tops a terrible sight captured his attention. Two houses away a light was shining brightly in a small window and by its reflection he saw two figures, apparently fighting and struggling in mortal combat. He looked

still closer and perceived that one of the figures was a woman. She was doing the screaming and to all appearances was being subjected to a fierce beating.

Elton waited for no more. His blood beat like a trip-hammer against his forehead, and with a cry of encouragement he was off across the rooftops, much like a knight of old who is given a chance to fight for his "lady-love."

Roof tops are not exactly ideal places for one hundred yard dashes, especially when they are slippery with dew, but Elton did not pause long enough to consider the matter. He arrived at the window and, seeing the woman about to be strangled by a ferocious-looking man, he entered the room in true Douglass Fairbanks style, through the window, glass and all. Before the villain could gather his wits, he was hit on the chin by the brawny fist of Elton Stockbridge.

Elton Wakefield Stockbridge, looking down on the fallen body of his victim, was suddenly conscious of the fact that he was a hero! He had rescued a defenseless woman from a maniac.

Slowly he turned around to face the woman and receive her sobbing words of thanks.

"My poor husband! You have killed my husband, you beast! Get out of here at once! Who told you to butt into other people's affairs?"

These were the words that greeted poor Elton's ears. Needless to say, Elton removed himself quickly and unceremoniously from the room.

Strange to say, Elton Stockbridge has never been heard of from that time on. His folks think that he has met with foul play, but lately there has been a rumor that he is alive and living under an assumed name in Paris.

At any rate the world has lost another of its many heroes.

C. Russell Miller, '32

Song of the Scientists

Ah, Lad, this will never do.
The product's bad; the process, slow.
Surely there's another way—
Easy, quicker, better way—
Expeditious, wiser way
To perform our labor?

So they worked with knowledge,
wrought
By long years of patient thought.
And work of earnest men—
Careful, plodding, earnest men.
(Thank the Gods we have such
men;
—Whose joy is in their labor.)

With the knowledge thus they gained.
And products brought from many
lands,
They built a new machine—
Men helped by this machine
Went singing to their labor.

L'Envoi
Foster discontent divine
Keep and use an open mind.
Then you'll find the other way.
Easy, quicker, better way
Expeditious, wiser way
To do all kinds of labor.

Leslie G. Rathbun, '32

Julius Caesar Makes Up His Mind

(1931 Version)

Time—About 7 o'clock A. M.

Place—Caesar's apartment.

Characters—Julius Caesar, Calpurnia, Decius Brutus and Caesar's club-mates.

Scene 1

Caesar enters garbed in pajamas.

Caesar—Ye Gods! Calpurnia has been talking in her sleep again. What's got into her, anyway, thinking that someone's going to shoot me.

Calpurnia enters.

Calpurnia—Where in the world do you think you're going so early in the morning?

Caesar—Er—Well, I thought I'd get down to the clubhouse a little early this morning. Lots of business to discuss.

Calpurnia—Oh, please, Caesar, you won't leave me alone in this awful storm. You know how afraid I am of thunder and lightning.

Caesar—Well, listen, dear, you've got the servants here. I'm sure I can't do anything by staying home—besides we've got the lightning rods.

Calpurnia—(Sobbing) Oh, y-you d-d-don't l-love me any m-m-more.

Caesar—Oh, all right, I suppose I'll have to telephone the boys and tell them I can't come. But I can't let them know that my wife won't let me out, can I?

Calpurnia—(Pouting) Well, you could say I wanted you at home or that you caught cold playing golf yesterday, couldn't you?

Caesar—No — absolutely no — the fellows will think I'm stalling them off if I don't show up.

Calpurnia—Go ahead then, see if I

care. (Starts sobbing).

Caesar—Who said I was going; I'll telephone Mark Antony and tell him I'm not feeling well.

(Goes out)

Calpurnia—Oh, Caesar, here comes Decius. You can tell him.

(Enter Decius)

Decius—I just thought I'd give you a lift to the club in my Austin. Miserable weather, ain't it?

Caesar—(Hesitating) Sorry old boy, I'm not going today.

Calpurnia—No, he's got a terrible fever.

Decius—(Aside) Listen, partner, you can't back out now. What will the other fellows say?

Caesar—(Bravely) Never mind, tell them I'm not coming, get me?

Decius—Gee, but the boys will all give you the laugh if you don't come.

Caesar—(Giving him a cigar) Seeing that you're my pal I'll tell you. The wife's afraid of the lightning, and I can't leave here alone.

Decius—Oh Bosh! It's almost stopped raining. Here comes the gang!

Caesar—Listen Cal, dear, here come the boys. I got 'a be going. I'll be home early, and we'll go to a show. So long--

(Goes out)

Brutus—Howdy, Caesar. How's the old boy going?

Caesar—Hey, don't tell me you're up so early.

Brutus—Sweet Papa, it's eight o'clock already.

Decius—Well, boys, let's go. Some of you will have to stand on the running board.

(Curtain)

Madeline Frazier, '33

Heavens on Parade

The full moon rose slowly in the sky
And moved through its star-escort—
A golden ship as it floated high,
Bathing the heavens in golden dye.

The Milky Way was the lone cascade,
And the skies were all arrayed
In splendor that cast a magic charm,
For God's high heavens were on
parade.

James Salmon, '33

Zoe Pastoral

The symphony of sound from out the
wood
Foretells that dawn is nigh and fast
approaching.
The earth awakes and stretches out her
arms,
Embracing all within her mighty clasp.
Poor peasants on her breast awake and
toil
And struggle without ceasing to obtain
A meagre sustenance, a livelihood
To satisfy their everpresent needs.

All day the sun looks down with scorn-
ful gaze,
And wonders at these Lilliputian mites.
The earth resents the puny efforts which
In vain they're launching at her stub-
born face.
Are these in image of the One who has
Dominion over land and sea and sky?
Elizabeth Calder, '32

A Woodland Idyll

Silent and somber stands the forest
Under the evening sky.
Now the trees rustle and murmur,
As a night breeze passes by.

Out of the shadows, a hunting call—
Stillness again as the echoes fade.
Somber and silent the forest monarchs
Tower o'er dell and glade.

Paul N. Taylor, '33

The Garden of Allah

"The camels are rather rough riding," my mother said despondently, "but you go on without me. You've waited long enough."

She had caught a touch of la grippe at Tingad, and had been forced to remain in bed ever since our arrival at Biskra. I was on the balcony leaning over the railing watching the procession of white-robed Arabs and innumerable donkeys passing up and down the street.

"I don't like to go without you," I said, but we had been there a week already, and I was getting anxious for that high ride on the "ship of the desert."

"There's a sort of camel livery stable here, I've discovered," I said, "and I'm going over and pick my own mount. I don't like the idea of these cut-and-dried tours arranged by the hotel."

"Be very careful," urged my mother just as a matter of form, for in reality she had long ceased to worry about me, and my exploits.

So I departed, with my sketch box and wondered if the camel would object to having his portrait made.

Of course I chose the white beast. He was the only white one, and he wore a very grey saddle. It was a perfect morning and I decided to ride to the Garden of Allah and have my fortune told in the sands of the Sahara.

At the entrance gate I slid gracefully (I like to think I did) from my white beast, and went through the gate. I walked along the perfect sanded paths. Not a leaf was out of place. I heard the deep voice of the Arab fortune-teller, and realized that he had another customer; I, therefore, wandered around

for a while and tried to find a leaf or a twig on the ground, but I couldn't. I returned in time to hear a girl's ecstatic voice saying, "Auntie, isn't he marvelous! I'm going to send him a piece of my wedding cake."

"Did he really tell you a good one?" I asked, coming upon the scene.

"He told me everything! He said I'm going to be married very soon, and I am—right after we get back to the States."

"I'd rather he'd tell me something I don't know," I thought.

The two Americans received his card, and moved off, volubly. I took my place opposite the white-robed Arab.

"Do you understand French, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oui," I said.

"Please place your hands, palms down, in the sacred sand of the Sahara."

I obeyed, but very little showed except the outline. However, that did not worry him. He asked the day and date of my birth, and I told him correctly, lacking three years. He made some hieroglyphics in the sand which he said were my stars. Then he looked into my eyes long and earnestly. "The stars are in an advantageous position. Before very long you will marry a man in a far away country—a distinguished gentleman. You will journey with your husband to many lands, Syria, Persia and India. Three times will you return to Biskra and the Garden of Allah, and you will die away from your country."

"How soon?" I asked with alarm, for I wanted to plan the third trip a good many years ahead.

"Oh, not for many, many years. Your life will be most interesting, most vivid, most dramatic."

"Wonderful!" I said. "Then I can stand anything—even a husband. When will all this begin?"

"Very soon," he said solemnly.

"I'll send you a piece of the wedding cake," I promised, as I gave him the ten francs. He handed me his card as

a matter, of course. No doubt his mail is full of wedding cake!

"How was the fortune?" asked my mother a few hours later.

"Oh, it was a lot of grand and glorious apple sauce," I replied, "but," I added thoughtfully, "it had a nice Arabic flavor."

Eliza M. Paciorowska, '32

The Radio

In the shack of the "Firefly" a light was burning. It was one of those cold, clammy nights with a stiff breeze blowing from the east. Occasionally one felt a drop of rain splatter against his face. It seemed as though a storm were threatening to break.

The "Firefly," a non-descript oil tanker bound out of Newport, Virginia for Labrador, kept plowing steadily on through the rising wind and the rapidly swelling waves. The ship lurched lazily from one side to the other, and heavy, black, choking smoke poured from the single stack to the deck, only to be driven back over the stern of the vessel by the wind.

Back in the radio shack a young man of possibly twenty-five years sat at a table pushed against the backwall where it was firmly fastened to keep it from sliding about the room during rough weather.

The transmitter, a rack made up of several decks and a control panel, stood in the right hand corner. On the panel, numerous dials, switches, and meters could be seen. Behind on the separate decks were coils, condensers, transformers, tubes and other apparatus. Beneath the deck the steady mu-

sical sing of a motor-generator could be heard as the operator rattled the key.

The key ceased to click and was silent. A switch was thrown, and the dying sigh of the motor-generator could be heard above the din of the wind whining through the rigging and the boisterous waves slapping the sides of the vessel. The young man at the table was slowly turning the dials of the ship's receiver. He had on his head a pair of earphones. From one end of the dial to the other he turned, listening instinctively to the sing-song tune of the "fists" of other radio operators. He heard the U. S. S. "California" calling the Naval Radio Station at Portsmouth, New Hampshire—NAC NAC NAC V NAFT NAFT AR. Then he heard two ships exchanging greetings—NADX NADX V NAJV R OK MNI TKS 73 CUL AR NADX V NAJV SK.

Suddenly he gave a start—SOS SOS SOS V NISP NISP Rudder Gone Drifting Before Wind. Lat. 40 Deg. 40 Min. 30 Sec. North Long. 67 Deg. 10 Min. 12 Sec. West. No Danger. SOS SOS V NISP AR. It was the U. S. S. "Detroit" foundering in mid-ocean. Quickly he

made the entry in his log. The "Firefly" was nearing Newfoundland he reasoned, and thus too far away to render any assistance, but he dispatched a message to the captain and then turned to listen for ships answering the maimed vessel. He logged ten ships who had picked up the SOS, and each was frantically calling the "Detroit."

Far into the night the operator on the "Firefly" listened to the ships going to rescue the "Detroit" and tow it

into port. The radio, one of man's most recent and powerful means of preventing disaster, had performed a simple task. No matter whether it's raining, snowing, or whether the sun is shining; whether in Shanghai, New York, or the South Pole, the radio is always ready and can usually be depended upon. With its help we have a safer world to live in, information travels much more rapidly, and now we would feel lost without the radio.

Allyn H. Fisher, '32

No Poet

I'm not Macaulay nor Shakespeare,
Nor even Stevenson;
'F I wasn't made a poet.
How can I act like one?

I can not write like Kipling;
At rhyming I'm a "flop",
No better am I at blank verse—
I think I'd better stop.

Grace Russell, '32

History of a Ford

The automobiles were falling fast,
But one car held its own,
A "Model T" owned by me,
With floating power well known.

Free wheeling came with brakes applied;
And this was once too often tried.
I saw a post before me stand—
Applied the brake with foot and hand.

I hit with a noise "heard round the world,"

I felt a nasty bump;
When I awoke, 'twas then I heard
That the Ford lay in a dump.

Peter Yesikenas, '32

A Dancer

With the tunes she gayly goes,
Dancing nimbly on her toes.
She steps with grace across the stage
At times she leaps as though in rage.

Tripping along she does a feat,
Keeping time with rhythmic beat.
She moves around as in a trance,
And bows to all--which ends her dance.

Mabel Berezin, '32

An Atlantic Mystery

It was a beautiful autumn day in the year of 1913. The leaves were turning into a multitude of gay colors, but it was towards the few white clouds in the sky that the eyes of the crowd were turned. Up there, circling back and forth in the endless space was a man-made creature that filled the people with awe. It was the first airplane that had ever come to that section of the country. In the midst of the crowd a shrill voice piped out, "Mama, I want to be a flier when I grow up to be a big man."

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Dawn comes on a summer day of 1930 in the immensity of the Atlantic. Out of the western sky roars a black speck, which steadily advances and expands until it becomes a gigantic airplane with its motors roaring their united refrain. Onward, they thunder, ever onward. Suddenly there is silence—the motors have stopped! A concerned look passes from one to another of the three occupants of the cabin. A sudden dash by one of them who opens a petcock on the emergency gas tank, the pilot dives his ship to spin the propellers, a few dry coughs, and once again the motors of the plane resume their steady roar. Onward, into the rising sun they fly, but now the sun becomes obscured by fog, and they must fly entirely by their instruments. The cold seems to close in upon the plane, which is apparently making no progress through the fog. Hours pass. Still there is only impenetrable fog to be seen ahead and on all sides. Still they drive on through the mists.

At home the pilot's mother is sitting by the radio awaiting some news of her

son. She has been waiting hours. Her son has realized his childhood ambition and has become a flier—but, still there is no news.

The plane is responding sluggishly to the controls now. That enemy of all fliers has at last caught up with them. The cold and the fog have entirely coated the ship with ice, which is steadily becoming more compact and dense. The ship is steadily sinking lower. Their only hope now is to run out of the fog, and reach some warm air, or else to gain land. Still they are sinking lower. Now they can see the tossing waves below them through the fog. There is a terrific strain on the motors. Vainly they try to keep the plane, with its icy load, in the air. All hope is gone now. Lower and lower they sink. With a final lurch the plane hits the water with a crash. The cabin begins to fill with icy water. The fliers climb out onto the wing, but the ice gives no foothold. They slip into the cold water one by one. Finally they grasp the engines. But they cannot climb out of the water. They cling; but hope has fled.

With horror in his face, one of the men watches his frozen and numbed hands slip, while he is powerless. He is gone now. His nearest companion tries to reach him, but in so doing he loses his own hold, and is swept away by the green waves. Now there is only one left. He thinks of his home, and his mother; his childhood ambition has been realized. He is a flier—a pilot. His wearied eyes close, and he drifts off into sleep. The pounding waves wrench him from his grasp, but he does not awake. He will never awake again in this world. The smashing waves soon

break up the ship. The sea reaches out its arms, and the waves close over the spot.

Now only the pitching and tossing

waves mark the sepulcher of these courageous men, and the sea is the only witness to another tragic mystery of the boundless deep.

Charles R. Holman, '32

Rose de Cortez

The last notes of the masterpiece *Il Trovatore* re-echoed in the dimly lighted room.

Professor Loring drew his fingers slowly from the ivory keys and with a deep sigh, looked up into the face of the young man standing near him, and said,

"I have given you your last chance to enter my operatic production. You simply can not seem to capture the feeling in *Il Trovatore* well enough to "put it over" to your audience in "a big way." I'm sorry, Kay, but I have noticed that you have no will to try to practise harder, and where their's no will, there can never be a way to success."

After Kay had gone, Professor Loring sat at the piano for a few minutes, then crossed the room and passed onto the veranda which led to the beautiful flower garden surrounding the Loring home.

No sooner was the music room deserted than the slim figure of a young girl entered the room from another entrance. This dark haired girl, with serious gray eyes set in an olive tinted face was Rosa De Cortez, a young Spanish girl who worked as a waitress in the Loring home.

Rose's family, who lived in Beverly, California, were very poor, and at the age of sixteen, all vision of a musical career had vanished for Rose at the death of her father. She was forced to leave school and go to Los Angeles, to

secure a position and help to support the large family at home.

As Rose was a plucky young girl and also very clever, she soon became a competent waitress in the Loring home.

It didn't take Rose long to find out in which room the piano was kept. Very often when the Loring family went away, Rose would sit for hours and practise all the old masterpieces she could find. Sometimes she would sit on the veranda steps and listen to the Professor play for his students or his family.

On this late afternoon in October, Rose had been rather late in finishing her work, and as she passed down the hall she heard the front door slam.

Sighing with relief Rose hurried her steps in the direction of the music room, thinking that Professor Loring had gone out for a walk.

Seated at the piano, Rose's hands trembled as they touched the white keys, and softly she played the opening notes of the masterpiece she loved best of all—*Il Trovatore*.

Louder grew the music, then it died away to a single note only to break forth in volume again. The music filled the room and floated through the open window into the dusk of the evening. Then, the last chords were played, not as before during the afternoon, but as their composer intended they should be played.

"Wonderful, oh—wonderful."

Rose, startled, turned abruptly and looked into the beaming face of Professor Loring.

So frightened was Rose, that she couldn't grasp the meaning of the Professor's words, nor the look on his face.

"Oh, sir," said Rose quickly, "I am sorry if I have done wrong by coming into your music room to play; but I love music and couldn't resist the temptation, especially when nobody else was here," pleaded Rose.

Grasping Rose gently by her arm,

the Professor laughed softly and said,

"Why, Rose, of course I don't mind if you use my piano; but old child, I'll never forgive you for keeping a genius hidden here, without my knowing of her. Rose," he continued, "how would you like to play that piece in just that way in my new production, and continue studying here as one of my students?"

The look of complete happiness on Rose's face gave Professor Loring his answer.

Joan Cleary, '32

The Theater

The Theatre is a gorgeous palace —

Shining lights
That twinkle and glow;
Golden stairs
That climb aloft;
Shining floors
With carpets soft.

The Theatre is a mystic realm —

Soft music
Sweet and low;
Satellites above
That dimly shine;
Encircling radiance
That is divine.

The Theatre is an enchanting palace —

Sprightly dancing
Of bewitching grace;
Plaintive singing
That captivates;
Tense drama
That fascinates.

Helen Barr, '32

The Difference

A bright smile
Can give you
New interest in life;
And kindness
Can warm you
And help you through strife;

But harsh frowns
Can hurt you
And so spoil your day;
While meanness
Can chill you
And send you away.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

Idle Thoughts on the Library

The library is a wonderful institution! It symbolizes knowledge, and knowledge symbolizes the progress of the human race. Man is a mere animal—but the difference between man and other terrestrial animals, the difference between civilization and savagery, the difference between Manhattan and Africa's jungles is the brain, and the brain is the seat of knowledge. Without the brain there could be no civilization, no distinction, no knowledge, and therefore no libraries. Which proves that the man that invented libraries had brains.

Libraries have existed from the dawn of history. This is easy to prove because how would we know how history had a dawn, if it were not for history books in our libraries? Ever since the Assyrians evolved a system of writing, and began to stack clay tablets in a corner, since the Egyptians wrote on papyrus rolls and entombed them in pyramids, since the Monks of the Middle Ages inscribed in huge vellum

tomes and stood them on shelves there have been libraries.

There are many kinds of libraries. There are big libraries and small libraries, the school boy's accumulation and the connoisseur's gallery, the college hall and grammar school cabinet, the Boston Public Library and the Westwood Town Library. A library in any shape or form and every different shape or form has its own use.

Now considering uses.—A public town library has more uses than all the others put together and multiplied by the number of useless volumes its shelves contain. The town library is a Temple of Knowledge and a Palace of Amusement. To it flock diligent scholars to inquire into the history of Napoleon and the works of Edgar Allan Poe, as well as carefree others in search of friends, freedom, and fun. All are welcomed and a few are ejected, but everybody recognizes the library as an indispensable necessity where occasional discomforts are to be endured for the sake of general value.

John Murphy, '32

Another Peculiar Quirk

A small dog, wet after a recent swim, ran up the beach, and stopping beside the figure of J. Henry Mithe, the animal shook itself with great vigor. The shower of water fell on J. Henry who sat up with a jerk and looked balefully about. His gaze rested on the wet dog.

"Get!" growled J. Henry.

The dog barked and wagged its tail. Then Henry swung his "right." It landed, and the dog howled as it wisely retreated to a safe distance.

"That'll teach him a lesson," thought Henry. And turning over again he began to meditate on the peculiar quirks of human nature.

His thoughts were interrupted by another deluge of water. Enraged he sprang to his feet. The pup was standing near wagging his tail and barking derisively. J. Henry swung his left foot, and the dog ducked. Henry next feinted with his left foot and swung his right. But the dog refused to be

caught napping and leaped back out of range.

"Beat it!" cried the desperate J. Henry.

The dog wagged its tail.

"Go home, hound!" yelled Henry.

The animal barked and advanced warily toward Henry. Observing this J. Henry Mithe for the first time in his life forgot he was a gentleman and charged madly at the dog. Mr. Pup alarmed by his hostile move turned and ran howling down the beach with J. Henry in hot pursuit.

The chase ended when the dog sought safety between his master's large legs.

"Hello!" said Henry. "Your dog?"

"Yes," said the large man.

"Well if you value his miserable life," returned J. Henry, "don't let him go about dousing people who do not wish to get all wet." So saying J. Henry Mithe turned and walked down to the water's edge. He plunged in, his mind meditating on the peculiar quirks of human nature.

James Salmon, '33

To My Diary

Dear little diary, many secrets you hold
Of dances and parties. They are ten-
fold.

You know of the time when we all
went to skate,
And next, of the picnic. How much
I atel

There are glad things, and sad things
which once made me cry.

At those, you now laugh, but still, so
do I.

I used to come home feeling terribly
blue,

But now that's all over. You know
that is true.

Down deep in your pages, only I know
the part,

Are secrets you'll keep closely locked
in your heart.

You are my friend, so staunch and
true.

Dear little diary, I can trust in you.

Harriet Rathburn, '33

The Sunset

The sun is sinking in the west,

A fiery red, as it goes to rest.

The sky is painted in various hues,

Of crimson and yellow and twilight
blues.

Lower and lower, at last out of view

The sunset colors have faded too.

The shadows lengthen; night creeps
in;

And darkness pervades, where
vivid colors have been.

Joan Cleary, '32

Murderer or Benefactor?

It was early morning. All was dark except one lamp on the table. At the table sat two men. The first was Inspector Gray. The second was Dr. Clark, the medical examiner.

"Are you positive that it is murder, doctor?"

"Quite positive. He was struck in the back by a knife. The only thing is a motive. It doesn't seem as though it could be robbery, with so many valuable articles left untouched. Did you know that he had any enemies of any sort?"

"I don't see how he could have enemies. Professor Thore was a man who lived in solitude."

"What could have been the motive, then?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think this letter can explain part of it."

"What does it say?"

"'Dear Professor Thore'—but here, read it for yourself."

"Oh, it is from the government of a foreign country. They want to buy the formula of his deadly gas. What is this gas, Inspector?"

"Well, you know that Professor Thore was a scientist. Lately he has been experimenting with gases. He discovered a deadly gas—much more deadly than any so far discovered. This country wanted the formula for this gas. If it was obtained, a war would be sure to come."

"Did they obtain the formula?"

"I think not. But now I shall question Mrs. Brown the housekeeper. Will you remain while I do it, doctor?"

"Yes, I believe, I shall."

Mary Brown entered the room. She was a woman in her fifties, gray-haired,

and wrinkled. Yet there was a gleam of joy in her eyes—a gleam, which had never been seen in her eyes before.

The inspector began. "Mrs. Brown, I suppose you know why we are here. Do you know who could have done this horrible deed?"

"Yes, inspector, I know who did it. It was I. I did it. I killed him."

"You, you mean to say that you killed Professor Thore? Do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes, I know what I am saying. I killed him and I am glad. I would do it again if I ever met a man like him."

"Mrs. Brown, why did you kill him? Would you mind telling us?"

"I'll tell you. It all started the other night. I came into Professor Thore's laboratory. He was doing something. He had a large number of curious looking tubes filled with all sorts of queer smelling things. I asked him what he was doing. He looked up. He picked up a tube and said, 'See this tube. Well, I shall be a rich man. I discovered it.'"

"Then what, Mrs. Brown?"

"Well, the next day I was cleaning the Professor's room, when I found a letter. It was from some foreign government. They wanted Professor Thore's deadly gas. I took the letter and asked him if he really meant to send his discovery to them."

"What did he say?"

"'Why certainly. I shall be a rich man.' I begged him to think of the rest of the world, of humanity. He only laughed. I couldn't stand the idea of a foreign country ruling the world. I saw a knife lying on the bench. I grabbed it and,—well, you know the rest."

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The Antique Shop

"How's Charlie coming along?" asked my friend's father of Mrs. L— who laughed as he spoke the name.

"Same as ever," she replied. "Puts his prices so high nobody would ever think of buying anything. He's got an old boat model down there that's no earthly good. Wants seventy-five dollars for it. Somebody offered him fifty the other day. Do you think he'd take it, though? Seventy-five or nothing, and the boat's not an original either."

The result of this conversation was a decision to go down to Charlie's antique shop to see how he was "coming along."

It must be explained here that my friend, her father and mother, and I had come to A—, Maine to visit Mr. and Mrs. L—. Charlie was an acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. L— and my friend's father. He was a curiosity, and most of the townspeople who knew him expressed the opinion that he was "half gone."

My curiosity was aroused by hearing my friends speak of this old gentleman, and it was with pleasant anticipation that, when it was time to go, I got into the car with the rest.

We had ridden a short distance beyond the town when I saw a vivid sign of white with the word "Antiques" in red letters. We alighted from the automobile and were immediately attracted to the conglomeration of articles displayed outside. The boat model was in view on an old, seedy looking chair, and license plates, which we found were the first in the town, were strung up on a hook. Here were a variety of antiques, but the dealer was nowhere in sight, and the door was locked. A placard

proclaimed that the owner would be back shortly.

We waited, filling in the time by examining various articles. At last some one said that he was coming. Looking up the street I discerned an old gentleman coming along with a package under his arm. He waved to us and hastened his steps.

Having greeted us he unlocked the door and led us into the shop. I had been watching him, meantime, and despite the descriptions which I had heard, I could see nothing peculiar about him. He was very courteous, and, though seeming to be unexcited, one could see that he was "tickled pink" to have us admire his things. There were myriads of vases and knick-knacks, and, on the top of a show case there was an old newspaper telling of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Charlie then led us toward the rear of the shop, pausing before what I took to be an old fashioned telephone. He turned the handle at the side, producing a tinkle, and told my friend's father to answer it. While they were joking, the front panel opened and soft music greeted our surprised ears.

Then Charlie took us upstairs. The second floor was like a small apartment. There was an old fashioned kitchen with low windows and a high sink, and on one side was a cabinet built into the wall. The rooms had no furniture except a spool bed set up in one room and a trundle bed which occupied the floor space of the tiny adjoining room.

All this time I had been wondering why people thought the old man "half gone." He seemed perfectly sane to

me. It was not until we were in the car, ready to leave, and Charlie was standing beside the car saying goodbye, that I noticed a curious glint in his eyes.

I wouldn't say that he wasn't sane, but there was certainly something very queer about this old man who sold antiques, or rather, had them for sale.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

Twilight

The sun drops low, and purple shades
Fall over all the tranquil scene.
The birds sing forth in sweetest song
Their farewell tunes to parting day.
And as the first star twinkling comes,
The wild cry that the hoot-owl makes,
Floats over hills and valleys that
Are steeped in mystic somber sleep.

Francis Murphy

Don't Give Up

If you're tired and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gained by victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

Josephine Kasmliros

Depression

We talk about the present day's depression,
And we budget every nickel that we spend.
Each wears upon his face a glum expression,
And we talk about the "market's" downward trend.

Our gifts decrease when they should really grow.
"In these hard times we must save all we can."
Yet we never miss the latest movie show,
And we'll shortly trade "the coupe" for a sedan.

Richard Baker, '33

The Chase

Scene I

Place—Farm, outdoors.

Time—8:00 P. M. of a cold, moonlit, autumn evening.

Scene—Just outside the front door of a large white farm-house, to the right of which is a long, low stone wall, flanked by thick bushes and vines. Field on other side of stone wall.

Characters—A large, German police dog, Rover. A small, dainty, white Spitz, Rex. Both these dogs are extremely jealous of each other. Consequently Rover makes mischief for Rex.

Rover—(Sauntering up on porch of house, meets Rex, curled up in a ball at front door). Well, baby, want some fun? (Teasingly) Or are you afraid you'll get your nice white coat dirty?

Rex—(Spiritedly) Yes, jealous, and you don't need to mock my wanting to keep my fur clean. You don't know how it feels to have that blooming soap in your ears and eyes! That isn't all, either. That woman, she's all right, but she certainly can douse me with water. (Vehemently) I feel like a water-soaked log when she picks me out of that set-tub!

Rover—(Disgustedly) Oh, quit your squealing! I've given you a chance to have some fun. Are you with me or aren't you?

Rex—(Delighted) Certainly, I'm with you, but what are we going to do?

Rover—Now listen. (Lower voice) I'll go down to the swamp. You wait here. Don't let out a single yelp. If you do, that'll bring out the family. (Starts off porch; wags tail) See you later!

(Curtain)

Scene II

Scene—Place same. About one-half hour later.

Rex—(Growing impatient. Pacing up and down porch.) I hope he hasn't duped me. (Brightening) This'll be the first fun I've had since I came here. That bunch of women makes me sick. (Mockingly) Always: "Rex, come here. Shame on you, don't you know you shouldn't get so dirty?" Then sometimes—"You stay right here with that bone" (Cocks ears and sniffs air) Whoo-ee-e — what a smell! That sounds like Rover, too. (Astonished) What in heaven's name—(Rushes to meet Rover who dashes along fence chasing something white and black. Rex barks excitedly. Joins race.)

Lady—(At sounds of barks, opening front door and coming out.) Rex, come here. What's the matter with you? There's no one out here. (Rex comes up, wagging tail vigorously. Enters house.) (Lady sniffs air; clutches her nose frantically. Angrily, excitedly) Get out of here! Go away, Rex! You naughty thing. Where have you been? (Goes out to investigate. Sees Rover dashing about around stone-wall) A voice from upstairs window calls; I think there's something in the stone-wall.

Lady—(Vehemently) I know there is. That dumb Rover chased a nasty skunk all the way up here!

(Curtain)

Scene III

Scenery—Place, characters same as Scene I. Fifteen minutes later than Scene II. All quiet. Rex and Rover

chasing each other around lawn. Pause and sit down.

Rex—Well, Rover, you certainly do the most entertaining things.

Rover—(In a worldly way) Well, why not? A fellow has to amuse himself somehow, doesn't he?

Rex—Of course! Still I'm not highly amused. (Indignantly) Just because of this odor I must stay out all night. (Dejectedly) Tomorrow I get another bath! (Curtain)

Florence Larson, '32

The College Catalogue

Just a small, paper-bound pamphlet, but what a complete set of complications the College Catalogue represents to the inexperienced College aspirant. Not unlike a legal document, it must be read five or six times by a person of seemingly average intelligence in order to sense the meaning. There are many ways to digest this weighty material. The most popular is the hop, skip, and jump method. Some readers look only for the list of expenses and requirements for admission. Others turn first to the information on athletic facilities or social activities. Many like the illustrations and pictures best. If you have plenty of determination, mental ability, and perseverance, it is advisable to start methodically at the beginning and go from cover to cover.

On the first page is the College Calendar which consists mainly of college exercises begun or suspended. On the next ten or twenty pages, you will find the imposing list of the faculty. This is all very interesting; i. e., if you like it. Nevertheless, this is the simplest part of the book. Turn the page and you will

find either "General Information" or "Requirements for Admission." In "General Information" you will learn a few things about the college; the rest you may learn by writing for further information. But "Requirements for Admission" is the real test. "Only students of highest grade of ability should attempt this." If the auspices are favorable, however, you will probably find that it may be possible for you to meet the requirements. You should have pencil and paper handy for this figuring. Next you will find the expenses which may seem small at first, but they climb higher and higher with each new page. The laboratory fees alone usually cover two or three pages, not to mention dormitory rates. "The Scholarship" can easily be scanned, likewise the "Buildings and Equipment." Now we come to "Departments of Instruction;" but . . . well, I think you will agree with me that it is better to put this away for future reference.

Such is the College Catalogue, originally designed to give information.

Helen Barr, '32

The Morning Conference

Maggie was humming. She was happy because she had only two more floors of the Graystone Apartments to wash.

"What is that racket you are making, Maggie?" came the voice of Clara, the second floor washer, who came into view with a pail, a dirty mop, and a

newspaper.

"Oh, I was only singing. Any news in the paper this morning?"

"Listen to this. 'Mr. Arthur Wolfe was instantly killed on the county turn-pike last evening. His son, aged four, who accompanied him, was found badly injured and taken to his home at the Graystone Apartments.' "

"Gosh, how did it happen, Clara?"

"Well, as near as I can make out, they was driving along when a big truck wants to pass 'em. And just then a car comes out of a road at the left. And the truck turns quickly to the right, and —."

"And poor Jimmy. He did love his dad so. Gosh, it's too bad. Oh, there's the doctor just going in to see Jimmy now."

"You know, Maggie, trucks ain't got no right on main roads any way causing accidents, deaths and everything."

"No, Clara, they ain't."

"And think of Jimmie's ma. I pity her when she has to tell him about his pa's death. They were such pals together."

"Here comes the doctor. Ask him how Jimmy is."

"All right, I will. Excuse me, doctor, but how is little Jimmy today?"

The doctor never looked at them. He kept on walking. "He is dead."

"Well, Maggie, I guess his ma won't have to break the news to him now, cause now he's with his pa. And by the way, Maggie, when you come up, will you bring me a clean pail of water and another mop?"

John W. Anderson, '32

The Wind

Through the ripples of the water
She comes dancing on her toes,
Through the ripples of the water
Where the sunshine always goes.

Wind on the water; wind on the hill;
Wind in the meadow that never stays
still.

Eliza M. Paciorkowska, '32



Clubs

The Art Club

The name of this club was originally the "Arts and Crafts" but Mrs. Cook, the teacher in charge, suggested that we change the name to what it now is, the Art Club.

We are planning to have a club of different sections; each section devoted to a different phase of art. For instance, one section will be using pastels; an-

other, oils; and still another, pencil, or pen and ink. Plastocene and clay will be used by those interested in working material between their fingers, and an opportunity for soap-carving will be had.

About Christmas time we plan to be doing craft work.

Alice Bentley, '32.

Athletic Club

The Athletic Club, under the leadership of Miss Kiley, held its first meeting October 16th, in the Gym, and elected the following officers: Helen Donovan, President; Ethel Havey, Vice President; and Anna Murray, Secre-

tary. Plans for the year were discussed, and it was voted that we would make reports on different sports, play games, and every three weeks have dancing. The club has a membership of fifty girls.

Camera Club

On October 2, the Camera Club was organized under the leadership of Mr. Fisher. A large group of students was present, and the Camera Club plans to have a successful year.

This Club is an organization in which the student learns the art and science of printing and developing films. One also learns how to take a good picture. In order that the Camera Club might go

ahead in its work, Mr. Fisher has generously bought the necessary equipment for the developing and printing of films.

It is very interesting to print and develop films. One is not very successful at first, but soon he is able to print and develop films with accuracy, and this is what each of us is striving to do.

Campfire

There are thirteen organized Camp Fire groups in Norwood. One of these

is the Pahata group which meets every Friday morning during the Activity

period at the Norwood High School.

The guardian is Miss Hubbard and the assistant guardian is Ruth Lovelace. The officers for the year are: President, Fanny Lechter; Secretary, Anne Babel; and Treasurer, Annie Smolski.

The group has participated in a "Doughnut Drive," which was conducted by the Boston Headquarters for the benefit of the unemployed.

The group has many plans for the

coming year. Some of the yearly activities are: assisting with the Quest Club Christmas Party, singing carols at the Norwood Hospital, and participating in the Hospital Drive.

At all times the group endeavors to live up to the Camp Fire Law which is: Give Service, Seek Beauty, Pursue Knowledge, Be Trustworthy, Hold on to Health, Glorify Work, and Be Happy.

Dramatic Club

The year of 1931 promises to be a record breaker for the Dramatic Club. Seventy-eight students have applied for admittance, but due to the large number of pupils and the limited space, it will be necessary to cut this number to sixty.

The Club has always been outstanding in its excellent work. We have looked forward to the Sophomore and Senior plays with eager anticipation, but 1931 will see major performances put on by all classes.

We notice that the boys are coming into Dramatic Club and liking the work. We have more this year than ever before. Keep up the good work, boys! You'll enjoy it!

Contrary to the rule that Seniors and Juniors only, may belong, this year will see an exception, and Sophomores are eligible. They will be a welcome ad-

dition to the Club, for we are sure their ability, spontaneous enthusiasm, and initiative will keep the seasoned members on their toes with such competition.

Now, ye new members, hear ye and tremble! The plans for the initiation party are now in order. T'would become ye well to worry, perhaps! ! ! Thou olde and revered veterans, laugh knowingly!

We are planning a workshop which we hope will prove successful. While groups are rehearsing plays, the free members will work in the shop. The anxiety to start this will doubtless result in some fine work.

As we look back over our plans and our members we feel sure that 1931 is going to prove one of our busiest and most successful years.

Edna McRichall.

French Club

This year a French Club has been organized under the supervision of Miss Mary Mackedon who has returned from a year's study in France. The club is

composed of members from the various French classes. The purpose of the club is to arouse an interest in France and in French things usually not covered by

the purely scholastic work in the classroom. The official language of the club is to be French but the members will not be limited to this alone as there are several first year students in the club. There will be one formal meeting a month. The others will be informal to

discuss the programs of the club.

Among the projects are plays, lectures, games and possibly a theatre party to Boston where the club may see one of the French talking films which are being presented at the Fine Arts Theatre.

Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club has planned a diversified program for the coming year. Several members, lead by Mary Zurba desire to continue the home decorating projects which were conducted under the Home Economics Department at Junior High. This part of the program will be carried on under the direction of Miss Wilkins. Miss Fulton will assist with the handwork for groups interested in making decor-

ative articles for the home.

The club has also expressed a desire to carry on the welfare work which was organized by the charter members of the Home Economics Club and any activities of this nature will continue under the guidance of Miss Bridges. This club is organized for service and any girls who really enjoy doing worthwhile things will find plenty of opportunity for action in this group.

Orchestra

The outlook for the orchestra for the coming year seems most promising. The violin section especially is very strong, although the wood-wind section is weak. It seems a pity that when there are such wonderful opportunities for the development of an orchestra, there should be this shortage. The opinion has been expressed that if all those who are able to play, came out for or-

chestra, there would be an orchestra of sixty-five members. Last year three students from our school went to Syracuse to play in the New England Symphony Orchestra and it is thought that there will be a chance to send more than that number this year. Under the supervision of Professor Dethier, we are looking forward to a most successful year.

M. Rodgers, '33.

Rifle Club

This club was started in October, 1930 under the able leadership of Mr. Wheeler.

At first the club functioned as an independent organization but in January, 1930 we became affiliated with the National Rifle Association Junior Rifle

Corps. This is a nation-wide organization and its members receive many privileges.

Officers were elected for the year of January, 1931 to January, 1932 and the dues were set at one dollar a year. We then bought targets from the N. R.

A. and the members immediately began trying for the various medals given by the N. R. A. J. R. C. Up to this time the club has been divided into six teams and the competition has been very keen. However, the medals were an added incentive and the scores began to improve rapidly. So far our president, Charles Holman, has advanced farthest toward the coveted degree of "Expert Rifleman."

We were very fortunate in securing the use of the range at the Norwood Armory. During the winter months and on rainy days we fired there rather than at the range we made behind the school.

Four matches were held last year with teams from other schools, and we won two and lost the same number. Our competitors were Stoneham and Watertown.

This year we have about ten matches scheduled and we hope to have a better than .500 average at the end of the year.

Last year all firing was done with

privately owned rifles but this year we have secured from the government, two .22 calibre Springfield rifles, and two .30 calibre rifles of the same make. We also received several thousand rounds of ammunition and at different times during the year we shall receive more. The rifles are merely lent to the club but we may keep them as long as we can pay a certain deposit each year. They are very accurate and will certainly make for higher scores during the coming year.

The club is limited to twenty-four members and has at present a waiting list of twenty boys. The officers elected last year will remain in office until January, 1932.

So far the club has been wonderfully successful and the members have all profited greatly. The best recommendation that we could possibly have, the fact that we have not had a single accident, is certainly due to Mr. Wheeler's conscientious, helpful work.

R. W. Baker, '33

Travel Club

This year a Travel Club has been organized. The aim of this club is to enable its members to become better acquainted with places of historical and literary interests in New England.

At the first meeting the following

officers were elected: President, James Murray; Vice President, Catherine Small; Secretary, Rosemary Riley; Treasurer, Peter Thornton; Faculty Advisers, Miss Egan and Miss McCormack.

Secretarial Club

The N. H. Secretarial Club meets each Friday with Miss Briggs in Room 222. This is the first club of its kind in the school. We plan to discuss such subjects as the clothes a secretary should

wear, how to carry on the work if the employer is absent, how to entertain a client if the employer is in conference, and similar subjects.

We are going to have short drama-

tizations of various office happenings with some of the members acting out the different parts. Representatives of the different typewriting concerns will demonstrate speed and accuracy on their machines. We hope to have

business men talk on "What A Business Man Expects From His Secretary." We think the club is going to be a huge success and will help all those interested in commercial work.

Debating Society Notes

With a large number of new recruits in addition to the majority of last year's members, the Debating Society of the Norwood High School took up its work for the year 1931-'32 under the supervision of Mr. Charles A. Hayden.

Half of the time of the society will be spent on the study of Parliamentary Law according to Robert's Rules of Order. The other half will be devoted to debates between teams composed of society members.

With regard to inter-scholastic competition, a tentative schedule, far more extensive than previous years has been drawn up. This schedule contains

twelve inter-school debates which include: Brockton High, Lynn Classical High, Attleboro High, Medfield High, Winthrop High, Natick High and other Massachusetts high schools.

Much time and study will be put on the questions of the Installment Plan and Compulsory Unemployment Insurance.

Those who will carry on the duties of officers for the coming year are:

Pres., Frederick Adelman, '32

Sec., Miss Dorothy Day, '33

Treas., Thomas White, '33

Debate Mgr., Miss Helen Barr, '32

Sgt.-at-Arms, Francis Murphy, '32



Foreign Language Department

Nous Montons Une Montagne

"Montons Mont Chauve," a dit notre amie, pendant que nous étions en Vermont.

"Oui! Oui!" nous avons crié.

Ainsi nous avons préparé un déjeuner et nous sommes allés à la base de la montagne. Puis nous avons commencé à monter la montagne.

Par intervalles il y a des signes qui montrent la distance que nous devons monter encore. La première signe dit trois mil mètres du sommet.

"Vous n'avez pas encore commencé à monter," dit gaiement un autre de nos amis qui a monté cette montagne autrefois.

Le chemin vient plus escarpé.

"Vous n'avez pas encore commencé à monter."

Deux mil mètres du sommet.

Le chemin est toujours plus escarpé. Aussi il est très bourbeux et marécageux!

Nous glissons toujours.

Nous avons chaud.

(Mais en attendant nous buvons dans une source.)

Mil mètres!

Nous trouvons de petits morceaux de glace sur la terre.

Il est très escarpé.

Nous n'entendons plus la petite phrase, "nous n'avons pas encore commencé à monter."

"Tournez lentement ce coin," dit une signe. C'est un avis bien placé.

Mais quand nous atteignons le sommet nous sommes récompensés car il y a une vue superbe.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

Chercher Un Chapeau

C'est maintenant le moment d'acheter un chapeau de feutre. Je suis allée à Boston et je suis entrée dans un magasin où une vendeuse est venue pour m'aider à choisir un joli chapeau. D'abord elle m'a montré un chapeau avec une grande plume rouge.

"Il est impossible!" j'ai crié.

"Eh bien, mais il est très chic. Essayez-le!" dit-elle.

"Oh non, la plume est trop grandel!"

"Voici un chapeau avec une petite plume. Il est incliné sur l'oeil droit pour montrer les cheveux et la figure. Très beau, n'est-ce pas?"

Je l'ai regardé longtemps avant de l'essayer et enfin quand je me suis regardée dans la glace, je l'ai ôté immédiatement.

"Non, non, il n'est pas pour moi."

"Peut-être vous voudriez un petit chapeau tricorne, n'est-ce pas? Ils sont très, très chics. Tout le monde les porte."

"Peut-être," j'ai dit.

Mais quand je l'ai regardé, j'étais certaine que j'en ne le voulais pas.

J'ai quitté le magasin malheureuse et fatiguée, voulant que l'Impératrice Eugénie ne fût jamais née!

Madeline Frazier, '33

Notre Ecole

Notre école est une construction très grande et très belle. Elle est bâtie de briques rouges. Au devant il y a six grands piliers blancs. L'école est sur la rue Nichols.

Cette jolie école a environ trente salles de classe. Une salle très intéressante est la bibliothèque, dans laquelle il y a beaucoup de livres. Parmi les livres il y a des grammaires, des histoires, des dictionnaires, des livres de français, de latin, d'anglais et d'autres livres qui sont nécessaires dans l'école. Puis il y a une salle de musique, qui est une salle

neuve cette année. Dans la salle de musique il y a vers quatre-vingt-cinq ou quatre-vingt-dix chaises, très belles. Aussi, il y a un piano et beaucoup d'armoires, où les livres de musique sont mis. Les élèves ont un orchestre. Le professeur qui enseigne la musique connaît très bien la musique. Il y a beaucoup d'autres salles aussi très intéressantes.

Tous les élèves sont fiers de notre école et nous tachons de la tenir bien et de lui donner une bonne réputation.

Jennie Paciorkowska, '33

L'Arguenot

A l'école supérieure de Norwood nous avons un journal qui s'appelle l'Arguenot. Il est publié une fois chaque semestre de l'école. Il y a vingt-cinq élèves et un professeur qui dirigent la rédaction. Il y a beaucoup de départements. Le plus grand est le département littéraire. Les articles pour ce département viennent des classes d'anglais. Les professeurs donnent les narrations des élèves qui sont intéressantes aux directeurs de ce journal et ils les considèrent et choisissent les meilleures.

L'Arguenot a une excellente section d'annonces aussi. Les annonces viennent des marchands de Norwood. La plupart de l'argent vient des personnes qui donnent les annonces.

D'autres départements importants sont ceux des langues étrangères, des sports, et de l'échange avec d'autres journaux.

Les élèves d'autres lycées disent que l'Arguenot est un des journaux les plus intéressants qu'ils connaissent.

R. W. Baker, '33

Une Composition

Oh! Il me faut faire une composition. Que faire? Je ne sais pas ce que j'écrirai. Je peux écrire de mon chien ou de mon chat. Mais qui désire écouter une histoire de mon chien ou de mon chat? Aussi, je peux écrire de mon école, mais j'ai assez d'école tous les jours sans que j'écrive de l'école.

Oh! Je sais. J'écrirai une petite histoire d'amour. J'écrirai d'un héros qui va à la guerre et qui se perd un bras. Quand il revient chez lui, sa belle amie s'est déjà mariée avec un autre. Alors—mais j'ai écrit plus qu'il m'en faut! Hourra! J'ai fini!

Carrie Sandy, '32

Une Anecdote de Benjamin Franklin

Aujourd'hui j'ai entendu une anecdote très intéressante. Elle était sur un Américain fameux qui s'appelle Benjamin Franklin. M. Franklin avait fait un très long voyage, et il était bien fatigué. Il s'est arrêté à une auberge pour se chauffer et pour manger. Quand il est entré, il a vu que la salle à manger était pleine de monde. Il y avait une cheminée pour se chauffer mais il n'y avait pas de place là. Enfin M. Franklin s'est avancé, et a dit, "Donnez-moi une

quantité d'huitres pour mon cheval qui est en dehors. Tout le monde dans la salle est sorti pour voir le cheval qui mangeait les huitres. Alors M. Franklin s'est assis devant la cheminée où il s'est bien chauffé. Bientôt le garçon et la foule sont rentrés et le garçon a dit que le cheval ne voulait pas manger les huitres. M. Franklin a dit, "Alors donnez-les-moi et moi, je les mangerai." Ainsi M. Franklin a eu une place à la cheminée et un bon repas à manger.

Arthur Spencer, '32

La Tulipe Noire

J'aime beaucoup le livre que nous lisons. Le nom de ce livre est "La Tulipe Noire." Les caractères sont très intéressants. Cette histoire est pendant le dix-septième siècle. Les frères De Witt sont les caractères les plus importants au commencement de l'histoire. Le peuple ne les aime pas, et ils sont assassinés.

Corneille van Baerle, filleul de Corneille De Witt, est le héros de cette

histoire. C'est un savant, mais il n'est intéressé que dans les tulipes. Il est très riche, et il passe son temps à cultiver les tulipes. Il a réussi très bien et il devient un des plus notables tulipiers d'Europe. Il travaille bien pour tacher de produire une tulipe noire sans tache. Je n'ai pas lu plus loin, mais je crois que l'histoire va continuer d'être intéressante.

Juliet Mercier, '32

Dans Le Jardin

Une rose dans le jardin saluait la lune, souriante si doucement, comme si elle avait un jeu à jouer. Deux formes se sont arrêtées près de la rose. Ce sont un garçon et une fille.

"La lune est très belle, n'est-ce pas?" a dit la fille.

"Oui," a-t-il répondu, la regardant; "mais vous êtes encore plus belle."

La lune a cligné l'oeil à la rose souriante.

"Je vous aime," a dit le garçon. "Et vous?"

La fille n'a pas répondu, mais elle s'est baissée et cueilli la rose. Après l'avoir baisée, elle l'a tendue au garçon. C'était sa réponse. La lune avec un grand sourire s'est cachée derrière une nuage.

Valentine Magnani, '32

Une Promenade Automne

C'est l'automne. L'air est vif et clair. Venez avec moi faire une promenade dans les montagnes de New Hampshire. Notre chemin va à travers un torrent et nous suivons la rivière. Comme nous allons sur le sentier du bois un lapin effrayé darde à travers notre chemin ou une perdrix se lève précé-

pitamment d'un vieux mur de pierre. Enfin nous atteignons les barres de la pente de la montagne. Nous y restons et regardons en arrière dans la vallée. Le torrent brille dans le soleil et le paysage est peint de vert, rouge, jaune, et brun.

Paul N. Taylor, '33

Mi Poblacion

Norwood es una población que tiene cerca de quince mil habitantes. Es una pequeña población y tiene un administrador en lugar de un alcalde. Todos los oficiales de la población son elegidos por la gente de la población y tienen sus oficinas en el edificio municipal.

Durante los años que acaban de pasar, a población ha hecho construir muchos parques y plazas que hacen muy hermosa la población. Al lado de

los parques y plazas hay muchos edificios atractivos como, por ejemplo, la escuela superior, la biblioteca, el teatro, el hospital y muchos otros. Hay hoteles para los turistas, y hay varias iglesias. En el centro de la población hay tiendas de todas clases y hay también un buen sistema de tranvías que está en el centro.

Aunque la población es pequeña, es una de las mejores de Massachusetts.

Fred Kruchas, '32

La Alhambra

La Alhambra está situada en Granada, en España. Es un palacio de los Moros y es muy antiguo. La arquitectura es de los árabes y tiene una hermosura extraordinaria. El exterior de la Alhambra no es hermosa pero el interior es elegante y grande. Ha deteriorado mucho en los siglos pasados.

Muchos reyes han vivido en este palacio. Hay muchas salas famosas en La Alhambra. Son el Patio de la Alberca, el Patio de los Leones, la Sala

de los Abencerrajes, el Sala de las Dos Hermanas y la Sala de los Embajadores.

El Patio de los Leones es muy hermoso y grande. Hay muchas columnas en esta sala. Son hechas de marble y de oro. Hay muchas espléndidas tallas en El Patio de los Leones, también.

Si voy a España, el primer sitio que pienso visitar es la Alhambra porque es si hermosa y si interesante en la historia de España.

Ruth K. Wagner, '32

Nuestra Escuela

Nuestra escuela se llama la escuela superior de Norwood. Es un gran edificio y muy hermosa. Hay campos de baseball y de football. Hay también juegos de tennis. A los hijos les gustan mucho. Las clases son grandes y bien alumbradas. Los techos y las paredes son blancos. Los pupitres son cómodos. La mayor parte de los alumnos estudian mucho, pero algunos son perezosos. El

español, el inglés, el francés, el alemán, y el latino se enseñan en nuestra escuela. Yo estudio el español. En nuestra clase de español leemos un libro de español.

Los profesores de nuestra escuela ayudan mucho a los alumnos. Enseñan a los alumnos nuevos sujetos y los preparan para entrar en un colegio.

Arthur Billingham, '32

Nuestra Clase de Español

Nuestra clase de español es muy agradable. Es una pequeña clase de diez alumnos, seis niñas y cuatro niños. Estudiamos la gramática y leemos, "Un Verano en España." Este libro es el cuento de un grupo de alumnos que viajan a España. Vistan muchos sitios interesantes, y ven muchas cosas extraordinarias.

La señorita profesora de nuestra clase ha visitado la España el año pasado. Nos cuenta los sitios y las cosas que ha visto. Nos gusta mucho oír estas cosas.

Tenemos la clase de español todos los días y me gusta mucho este tiempo.

Helen Donovan, '32

Siegfried aund Brunhilde

Einmal fandt Mimi, ein Zwerg, einen Knaben im Walde. Er brang ihn mit ihm zurück, und nannte ihn Siegfried. Später machte er einen Schwert, wenn er ein Mann war und damit schlug einen grossen Drache tot. Einiges Blut fiel in seinem Munde und gebt ihm den Vermögen die Vogel zu verstehen.

Einmal erzählte ihm ein Vogel von einem Mädchen, Brunnhilde, die auf

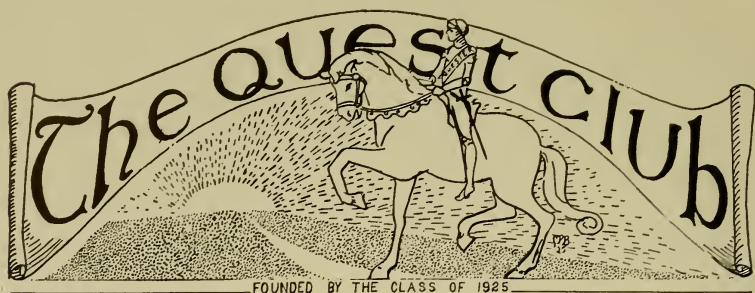
dem Steine schläft, der mit Feuer ergebener war. Siegfried ging sie zu finden.

Wenn er sie fandte, war der Zauber gebrochen. Das Feuer geht aus, und Brunnhilde kam zu Siegfried.

Richard Wagner hat diese Geschichte in zwei Oper gemacht. Sie heissen "Siegfried", und "Der Gotterdammerung". Es ist ein Teil von Nibelungenlied.

John W. Anderson, '32





As in former years in this first issue of the "Arguenot" we are publishing our constitution and by-laws so that our new members may have a copy.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Article I

Name

Section 1. The name of the organization shall be "The Quest Club" of the Norwood High School. Its members shall be called "The Questers."

Section 2. Whenever the caption "The Quest Club" shall appear in print it shall be followed by the words "Founded by the Class of 1925."

Article II

Purpose

The purpose of the Club shall be to foster and cultivate the appreciation of High School students for the best in all pursuits, and to further and broaden the education received in High School.

Article III

Officers

Section 1. The Officers of the Club shall consist of a President, a Corresponding Secretary, a Financial Secre-

tary, a Recording Secretary and a Faculty Councilor.

Section 2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the above named officers and four Representatives of each of the classes of the school.

Article IV

Election of Officers

Section 1. The President of the Club shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Corresponding Secretary shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Financial Secretary shall be a member of the Junior Class. The Recording Secretary shall be a member of the Sophomore Class. Of the four Representatives from each class two shall be girls and two shall be boys.

Section 2. All the above mentioned officers and representatives shall be elected by popular vote and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

Section 3. The Faculty Councilor shall be appointed by the Principal of the High School.

Article V

Membership

Section 1. Any teacher or pupil of

the Senior High School is eligible for membership in the Club.

Section 2. A person eligible for membership may become a member of the Club by signifying his desire to do so in writing.

Section 3. New members shall be admitted to the Club each school year from the opening of school until November fifteenth. After November fifteenth the membership list shall be closed until the following school year.

Section 4. A pupil entering the school after November fifteenth of any year may have all the privileges of membership in the Club until such time as the membership list is again open.

Article VI

Dues

There shall be no dues attached to membership.

Article VII

Meetings

Section 1. Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held the first Wednesday of each month during the school year.

Section 2. Special meetings of the Executive Committee may be called by the President or any two other members of the Executive Committee.

Section 3. Meetings of the entire Club shall be called as occasions require by the President.

Section 4. Special Meetings of the entire Club shall be called by the President in response to a written request signed by five Questers.

Article VIII

Quorum

Section 1. At any meeting of the Executive Committee nine members, at least seven of whom are students shall constitute a quorum.

Section 2. At any meeting of the

entire Club one-third of the number of Questers, but not less than twenty-five shall constitute a quorum. At least one Faculty Quester shall be present.

Section 3. When less than a quorum is present at any meeting, no business shall be transacted except to adjourn to such time as a majority of those present shall determine.

Article IX

Voting

Whenever a question arises which must be decided by ballot, it shall be voted upon at a meeting of the Executive Committee and the result of the voting made public. If the result does not meet with the approval of Questers, any Club member may make a written request to the President for a popular vote. The request must be signed by ten members of the Club. In such case the first vote will be declared null and void, and the question shall be put to a vote of the entire Club.

Article X

Amendments

These By-Laws may be altered or amended at any legal meeting of the entire Quest Club by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided the proposed amendment has been previously passed by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee and further provided that the proposed amendment is approved by the Faculty Councilor.

The governing board of the Quest Club held its first meeting of the year October 19th with President Billingham presiding. Representatives from the Senior and Junior classes were present, and they discussed plans for the coming year. It was unanimously voted that the Christmas party would be held, and suggestions were made to raise money for this occasion.



School Activities

The newest and therefore most interesting event that attracted attention at the beginning of school was the opening of the new addition. It has rooms that are lighter and more airy than those of the older part. The music room is a welcome addition.

Cheer leaders, Ralph Abbott, Helen Donovan, Ethel Havey, and Nora Norton were elected the latter part of September. It was evident by the increase of the number of nominees over last year that interest in this line of activity is increasing. Since then, rallies have been held in the Gym previous to each game. At the first few rallies Seniors were obliged to sit in lunch room chairs, laboriously carried upstairs by the last period gym class. But recently chairs with leather seats and backs have been provided and have proved much more comfortable.

The increased number of pupils in the school has necessitated two lunch

"shifts." As this is new, much experimenting has had to be done. The method that seems best at present is to have the "constants," or rooms that have classes that period every day, attend the "A" lunch period. Those that meet only occasionally during the week attend the "B" lunch shift.

The changing of lunch periods has also made necessary the changing of traffic rules and regulations at this time. As many different methods have been tried as there have been shifts in periods.

Tennis tournaments, both boys and girls, are taking place among the classes. The winners will be awarded a trophy.

When club work began, an assembly was held at which the advantages of the various clubs were extolled. Among those represented were the Debating, Dramatic, Quest, Rifle, Biology and Home Economics Clubs.

Senior Notes

The Seniors certainly are glad to be back in school again, and have already

become adjusted to various changes. We find that we have a nice, new set

of rooms in the new wing and a number of new teachers. Also, the arrangement of the home rooms has been altered. In former years, the pupils were divided according to the course they were taking, but now the pupils in home rooms are arranged in alphabetical order.

The first Senior Meeting was held on Thursday, October 8, 1931. Arthur

Billingham presided, and he discussed the nomination of class officers. Miss McGonagle gave us detailed information concerning the duties of the officers.

Mr. Archibald announced Allyn Fisher as the Junior Rotarian member for the next three months. He will attend all the meetings of the Rotary Club, with Mr. Archibald.

Junior Notes

October seventh—The class held its first meeting in the boys' side of the gymnasium. Richard Baker, last year's president of the class, conducted the opening exercises and then told us

about the coming election of class officers. Miss McGonagle also added some information concerning the election. The meeting was adjourned at 8:30 A. M.

Sophomore Notes

At a sophomore assembly held on Thursday, October 8, Miss McGonagle gave direction and advice concerning the election of class officers. Miss McGonagle stressed the point of having a president who would represent the class in all respects.

The result of the election of class officers is as follows: President, Arthur Cook; Vice-President, Herbert Lindblom; Secretary, Gunnar Grandland; Treasurer, Frances Turner; A. A. Coun-

cil, John Stanton; Secretary, Mary Zurba.

The first Sophomore class meeting, presided over by Arthur Cook, president was held in the boys' side of the gymnasium on Tuesday, October 27, 1931.

The purpose of this meeting was to vote upon the amount of the Class Tax. Ten cents was decided on as a satisfactory monthly payment.

Alumni Notes

Nellie Drummey '30 has returned to Emmanuel for her second year.

Catherine Moloney '31 is studying at B. U., College of Liberal Arts.

Catherine Breen '30 successfully completed a year's course at B. U., College of Business Administration and has accepted a position in the office of Swift's Laundry.

Anne Folan '30 and Hazel O'Brien '29 have entered this year's class at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton.

Irving Silverman '30 is one of the players on the Dartmouth football squad.

Agnes Alukas '31 plans to enter B. U., School of Business Administration in February.

Edmund Kelley Jr., '30 is included in most of the football lineups of B. C.

Anne Chaisson '28 has returned to Salem Normal for her final year.

Ellie Helmi '30 is training at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Wedding bells have rung for Gertrude Trask '31 and Christine Murray '29.

Mary Cleary '30 is working at the Dedham Courthouse.

Rose Acton has completed a year's course at the Katherine Gibb's Secretarial School, Boston.

Anna Donovan '30 and Bridget Dillon '30 are training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton.

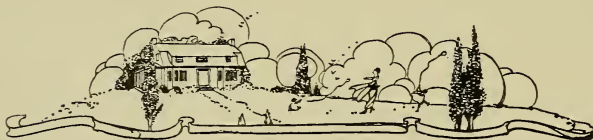
Lament

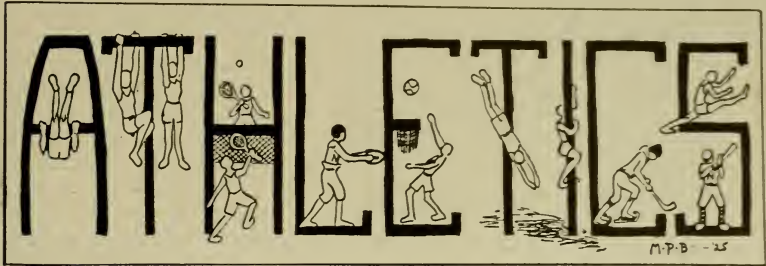
How I wish I had your legs
And your grace so rare!
How I wish I had that toe
That boots those punts so high in air!

How I wish I had your hands,
So deft, so sure, so strong!
How I wish I had that arm
That throws those passes, swift and long!

How I wish I had your neck—
Ah, what more delight,
Than have it in my two strong hands
To twist with all my might.

The reason that his life I seek
Is "She" who sits up in the stands,
And cheers his playing every week.
Anthony O'Donnell, '32





Football

Norwood 32—Wellesley 0

Flashing a brilliant offence, culminating in five touchdowns, the high school warriors ran rough shod over a scrappy but inexperienced Wellesley eleven on the local gridiron. The visitors' best offensive efforts proved ineffectual against the savage charge of the Norwood line, whilst our backs, gaining almost at will, romped through great gaping holes in the Wellesley forward wall. The score might easily have been two touchdowns greater, but for the inspired defence put on by Wellesley on the first period. Twice in that stanza was Norwood pounding at the visitor's goal line, but each time the onslaught was repelled.

Finally, early in the second period, the ice was broken by Tony O'Donnell, who cut back off tackle and made the score, standing up. The rush for the extra point was impotent.

On the next play, Wellesley elected to kick to Norwood, and O'Donnell, quarterback, received the ball on his twenty yard line, sprinted for the side lines and with good blocking by his mates, raced eighty yards for the score. Feeney made the extra point on a pass from Sustavidge.

After a series of cross bucks and line plunges by Bud Sustavidge and Pete Thornton, the former carried through guard for five yards and a score. Sustavidge's placement for point after, failed. This ended the scoring for the half.

The next two touchdowns were made by Babe Feeney, the first on a five yard cross buck and the next on a beautiful, twenty yard run thru tackle. He made the extra point after his first tally, catching a pass from Sustavidge. No further scoring took place, as an influx of Norwood subs, replacing most of the team, were unable to push across a tally.

Joe Dixon, kicking ace, was hurt on the first play of the game, but Pete Thornton proved a very capable substitute; his boots averaged from 35 to 40 yards.

Norwood was content to hold most of its best plays in check for the impending clash with Framingham.

Norwood 12—Chelsea 0

Holding forth promise of being a powerful playing unit of the season for 1931, Norwood High football team opened its season with an auspicious win over Chelsea. After three weeks of

intensive drill in record-breaking heat, the opening whistle found six hold-overs from the mediocre 1930 eleven: Capt. Art Billingham, right end; Tom O'Donnell, right tackle; Roy Massey, right guard; Joe Dixon and Bud Sustavidge, halfbacks; and Anthony O'Donnell, quarterback. New faces appeared at center where Russ Hauck held forth, and left guard, left tackle, left end and left halfback were capably filled by Tony Watekunas, Ed Barrett, Jesse Smelstor and Babe Feeney respectively.

Although the score was one point less than that of last year's win over the same team, this year's team was seemingly stronger in all departments. Norwood had two potential touchdowns within its grasp, being within Chelsea's 20 yd. line twice in the first period when they were unable to produce a scoring punch. However, late in this first period Norwood marched from mid-field to the Chelsea 15 yd. line, where Joe Dixon right halfback smashed off-tackle, cut back past Chelsea's secondary, and romped over the line for the first touchdown of the season. The point after touchdown failed.

The next sally occurred late in the second period, when the ubiquitous Roy Massey scooped up a Chelsea fumble and scampered thirty yards for the touchdown. Again the try for the extra point, a line buck, was repulsed by the big Chelsea forward wall.

The second period was barren of scores, the ball see-sawing back and forth, mostly in Chelsea's territory. However, Leon Zinkowsky, sub-quarterback, brought the crowd to its feet with an electrifying gallop, reminiscent of brother Yero's dashes, to the Chelsea two yard line where he was downed. The final whistle blew as Nor-

wood was lining up to push over the score.

Norwood 14—Framingham 0

Norwood journeyed to Framingham for the holiday classic and came back with a hard-earned victory over a smashing scrappy Framingham eleven. The game began as a rout for the losers, when on the second play Reardon, Framingham halfback, on a cut back thru left-tackle ran with beautiful interference to the Norwood 30 yd. line, where he was downed. Norwood, however, on the 20 yd. line, pulled in the "Welcome" mat, got down to business and successfully stymied any further encroachments. But Norwood was not to be spared further heart palpitations, for Framingham maintained this hard running, slashing type of football thru-out the first half. Their double-wing-back style was worked to perfection, they being able to gain almost at will, but the slowness of their punter in getting off his kicks, combined with a hard-charging Norwood line proved its undoing. In the first quarter Framingham tried to punt from its 15 yd. line. Norwood's line shifted thru and Smelstor, Norwood left end, blocked the kick. Capt. Billingham scooped up the spheroid and stepped over for the touchdown. Sustavidge rushed the point after touchdown. Again in the second period, Roy, Framingham quarterback, punting from his 30 yd. line was unsuccessful, his attempt bounding off the chest of Tom O'Donnell. Utorka, one of the many Norwood line men in on the play grabbed the ball and raced 30 yds. for the score. The point after touchdown scored on a "lateral" from Sustavidge to Dixon.

Norwood's offence was practically nil in the third period, the only sus-

tained march being a drive to the enemy 30 yd. line when the attack fizzled. However, Dixon's punting was one bright spot, averaging from 40 to 50 yards on his kicks. The game was a clean, hard-fought battle throughout.

Norwood 13—Winthrop 0

A listless, logy, lifeless, Norwood team was given a real scare when it eked out a 13-0 victory over a flat footed Winthrop eleven. In the first half a slow-rolling, slow breaking Norwood offense failed to do a thing with a rugged Winthrop line. The Beach City boys although their running attack stalled, kept the ball consistently in Norwood territory with long powerful spirals. This lack of a sturdy Winthrop offence proved to be Norwood's salvation, as Winthrop was in scoring distance three or four times in the first half due to the kicking game it played.

In the second half, Norwood came back fighting mad, and charged the Winthrop team all over the field. After a series of reverse plays, line bucks and end runs, Norwood was well within enemy territory. On a reverse spin around right end, Anthony O'Donnell carried the ball 25 yards with good interference for a score. A pass, Dixon to Feeney was responsible for point after.

Late in the fourth period Norwood again carried the ball into Winthrop territory, where a beautiful 25 yard forward pass, Feeney to Dixon, resulted in the second score. The point after touchdown was no go. No further scoring resulted, the contest ending with the ball in Winthrop's possession. The game, Norwood's second in a week, was marred by many fumbles on Norwood's part.

Tennis

Several girls reported for the first tennis meeting and soon the class teams were formed. There are eight on each class team.

The Sophomore team consists of J. Hayes, B. Holman, E. Holman, P. Allen, P. Adelman, J. Schaeffer, L. Peterson, and E. Nixon. Those to compete in the semi-finals are B. Holman, E. Holman, P. Adelman, and L. Peterson.

The Junior team consists of M. Rodgers, N. Connolly, R. Upham, R. Olson, H. Rathbun, J. Paciorkowska, V. Hansen, and R. Meffan. The Juniors have had their semi-finals. The winners are

M. Rodgers, and R. Meffan. They have not played for championship yet, however.

The Senior team consists of D. Acton, E. Fenton, R. Lovelace, E. Paciorkowska, M. Berezin, L. Callahan, V. Riley, and E. Richael. Those to compete in the semi-finals are D. Acton, E. Paciorkowska, L. Callahan, and E. Richael.

When all the semi-finals have been played, the Sophomore winner will play the Junior winner and the winner of the two will play the Senior winner.

Edith Bown, '33

JOKES

Coakley: I spent nine hours on my algebra last night.

White: Say, you can't make me believe that.

Coakley: Well, you don't have to believe it, but I put the book under my mattress and slept on it.

Mistake Here Somewhere

Robertson describing a duel in English: The villain came out all dressed in gloves and a mask and all kinds of padding, while the hero came out without anything on.

Miss Barr (at lunch): Is this a metaphor? This chicken is lamb.

Miss Callahan: No, it's the truth.

May be

Mr. Fisher: What comes out of the spout of a tea-kettle?

Star Student: Fog!

Kemistry Krazy Kracks

Mr. Fisher: What can you tell me about nitrates?

Dubious Student: Well--er--they're a lot cheaper than day rates.

Popular Chemistry Teacher: If this chemical explodes we'll be blown thru the roof. Now come up close so that you can follow me.

Teacher: John, how many bones have you in your body?

John: About a million.

Teacher: That's a great deal more than I have.

John: Well, you didn't have fish for breakfast this morning like I did.

Too Bad

Miss McCormack: Chiozza, haven't you anything to do?

Joe (absent mindedly): No, I'm thinking.





Exchanges and Comments

"Voice," Sharon—The Literary Department in your April number was splendid. Why not add a foreign language department?

"Oracle," Manchester High School — We enjoyed the commencement number of the Oracle. Your cuts are great. We like your idea of printing the Honor Roll.

"Peak," Medfield—A snappy paper! Your cover is interesting and very well drawn. The alumni notes are very com-

plete. The Class Prophecy was unique and well written.

"Semaphore," Stoughton—Your paper was one of the most interesting ones which we received. "The Gang's All Here" was cleverly written, and we enjoyed reading "Monty." Congratulations on your excellent joke department. A foreign language department would make your magazine more complete.

Comments on Arguenot

The Arguenot is a well planned magazine and would be complete in all departments if a page of cartoons were added—"Semaphore," Stoughton.

Your magazine is one we look forward to receiving.

It is very fine and well arranged. Why not add an alumni department in your next issue?

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